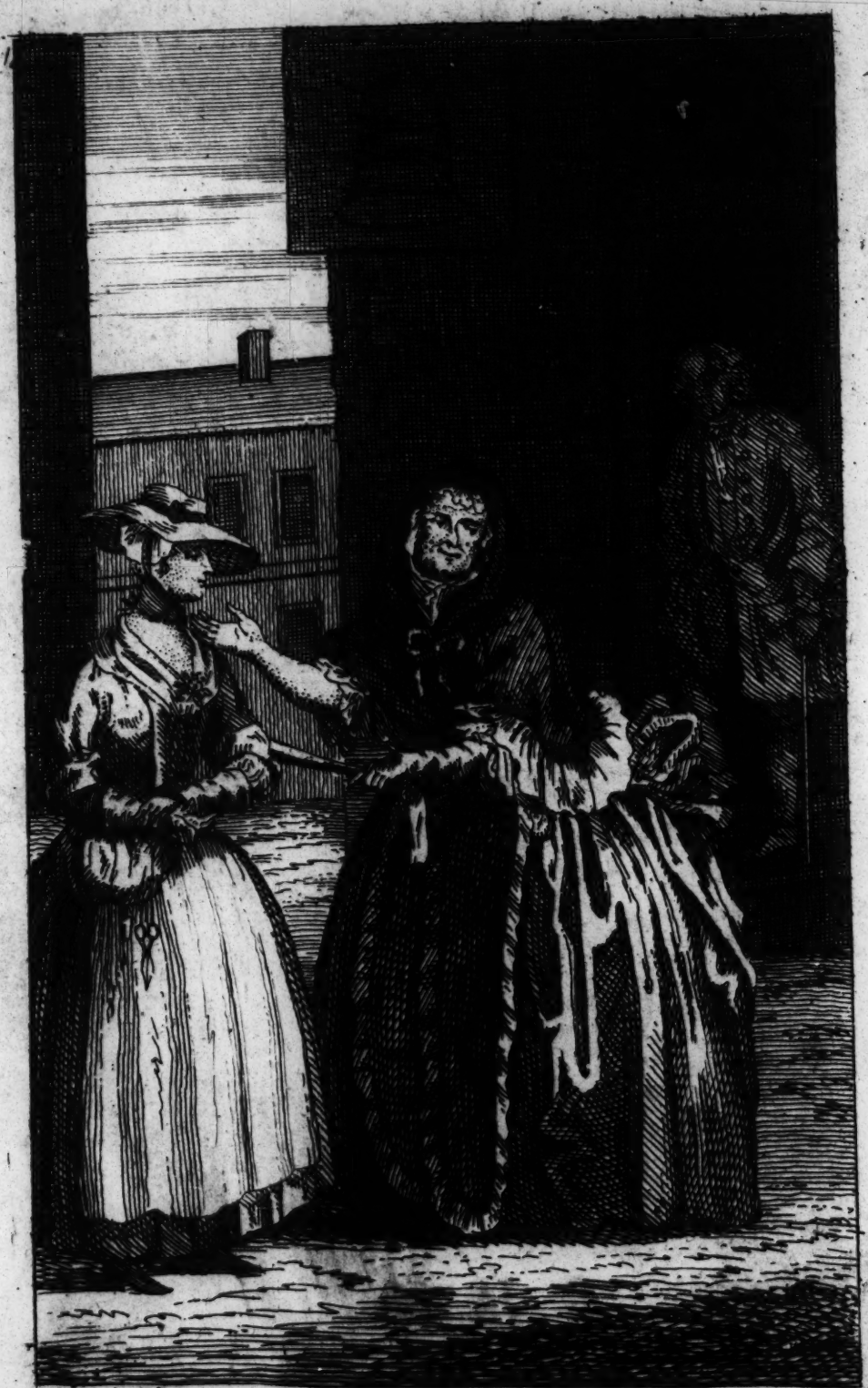

Thus Vice at first assuming Virtue's Face.
Tempts with a seeming undissembld Grace:
Till having once fair Innocence betray'd.
A guilty Shame drives on the desprate Maid.

THE HARLOT's PROGRESS.

Being the LIFE of the noted

MOLL HACKABOUT,

In Six *Hudibraſtick* CANTO's.

WITH

A Curious PRINT to each CANTO; ingrav'd from Mr. *Hogarth*'s Originals.

CONTAINING,

I. Her Coming to Town in the *York* Waggon; and being betray'd by an old Bawd into the Arms of Colonel *Ch*——*s*; with ſeveral comical Dialogues, *&c.*

II. Her being kept by a *Jew*; with her Intrigues in his Houſe.

III. Her living in a Bawdy-houſe in *Drury-Lane*. A diverting Liſt of the Decorations of her Lodging. Her being detected by Sir *J*—*n G*——*n*, &c.

IV. Her Uſage at *Tothil-Fields* Bridewell; and the Humours of the Place.

V. Her Sickneſs and Death. Diſputes between two noted Quacks. Her laſt Will.

VI. Burial. Characters of the principal Aſſiſtants at the Funeral Pomp, *&c.*

VII. A curious and entertaining RIDDLE, which *Moll* learned of the *Jew*, while in his Keeping, and which Colonel *Ch*——*s* could never anſwer to her Satisfaction.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

Whereunto is prefix'd, never before printed,

A moſt Excellent BALLAD (ſent from *Scotland* preſently after the Burial of Col. *Ch*——*s*) intitl'd, SATAN's *Defeat*; or JACK PRESBYTER *Triumphant*.

LONDON:

Printed for and Sold by R. MONTAGU, at the *General Poſt-Office*, the Corner of *Great Queen-Street*, near *Drury-Lane*; likewiſe Sold by C. CORBETT, at *Addiſon*'s *Head*, in *Fleet-Street*. M.DCC XL.

[Price Two Shillings.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

SATAN's DEFEAT:

OR,

JACK PRESBYTER Triumphant.

To the Tune of, The Abbot *of* Canterbury.

I.

INſtead of a *Song*, if 'twill make you Amends,
I'll tell you a *Tale*, as you're ſome of my Friends:
'Tis of a bold *Black-Coat*, whom ſome of you knows,
Who by *Satan*'s d—n'd Malice was maul'd without Blows.
Derry down, &c.

II.

This *Black-Coat* was willing to ſerve his dead Friend
Frank Ch———s, and ſo on his Corpſe did attend;
And, doing his Duty with reverend Grace,
Cry'd, *Fare thee well*, Frank, *thou ſhalt have a pure Place.*
Derry down, &c.

III.

But *Satan*, who always is watchful and ſly,
Attended *Incog.* as the Col'nel paſs'd by;
He hover'd about round the Corpſe like a Kite,
When the Parſon, who ſpy'd him, cry'd, *Satan, a Bite!*
Derry down, &c.

IV.

Enrag'd, diſappointed, revengeful *Old Nick*,
Was reſolv'd to be up with the Prieſt for this Trick,
So changing his Form (as you know he can do)
He ſwore he would make old *Jack Presbyter* rue.
Derry down, &c.

V.

'Twas thro' a dark Lane where bold *Jack* took his Way,
Which often he'd paſs'd to Hold-forth and to Pray;
There clad in Diſguiſe of great a Heap of Stones,
Did *Belzebub* tarry to break the Prieſt's Bones.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

As muſing and thoughtful he rode on his Way,
Old Nick rais'd his Back, like a Cat ſet at Bay,
Then over the Lump the poor Prieſt got a Fall,
Brake the Noſe, cut the Face, and the Knees of poor *Ball*.
Derry down, &c.

VII.

Oh, ho! Quoth the *Devil*, methinks you are down,
Lie there and be pox'd, now I'm ſure you're my own.
No, no, cry'd *Jack Presbyter*, Varlet, you're out;
You've only defac'd me, and batter'd my Snout.
Derry down, &c.

VIII.

And now to be up with your Trick, I'll conſpire,
I'll preach down, next *Sunday*, your Brimſtone and Fire;
No Child in my Pariſh ſhall e'er be afraid
Of you, nor your Hoofs, nor your Horns, nor your Trade.
Derry down, &c.

IX.

Nay, I'll preach twice a Day, all my Friends to alarm,
To defeat your Deſigns, and to keep 'em from Harm.
Hold, hold, quoth the *Devil*, yourſelf you'll undo.
Kiſs my A—ſe, quoth the Prieſt, I'll be even with you.
Derry down, &c.

X.

And now, ever ſince, he's as good as his Word,
He cries down the *Devil*, and ſets up the LORD;
And *Satan*, defeated, is forc'd to take Flight,
While *Jack* travels fearleſs, by Day or by Night.
Derry down, &c.

To the INGENIOUS

Mr. *HOGARTH.*

SIR,

HENCEFORTH I'll not invoke or chooſe
Th' Aſſiſtance of an airy Muſe;
Let but my Eye your Pictures ſee,
My Thoughts muſt flow in Poetry:
Your Harlot ſpeaks your ev'ry Figure,
Has Grace peculiar, Life, and Vigour:
I view'd 'em, when a Fancy ſtrong
Inſpir'd me with a Comic Song.

Pardon me, Sir, if ought I may
Too plain in luſcious Colours lay,
I wrote but what you make them ſay.
Happy Sir James, *in ſuch a Son,*
By whom Apelles *is outdone;*

His Work is marvellous, and fine,
But not miraculous, like thine:
Thy Canvas tells its Tale as plain,
As can be told by Tongue of Man:
Fame first design'd to make thee known,
In being Sir James Thornhill's *Son;*
Then Heav'n, its mighty Pow'r to shew,
Gave thee Sir James's *Genius too.*

THE

9 JA 56

A Harlots Progress

Her coming to Town in the York Waggon; her being betray'd by an Old Baud into the Arms

he Arms of Col.ᵗC—s

THE HARLOT's PROGRESS: OR, THE HUMOURS of *Drury-Lane.*

CANTO I.

I SING no Songs of *Alexander*'s,
But Bauds, and Whores, and Pimps, and Panders,
Shall be my Theme;--- aſſiſt me, *Venus*,
My Goddeſs, Patron, and my Genius:

Aid me, kind *Tan--r*, *C---m*, and *M---r*,
To ſhew the Progreſs of a Whore;
For you can ſurely beſt define 'em;
Who ſearch the Outſide, and within 'em;

Know

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CANTO I.

I SING no Songs of *Alexander*'s,
But Bauds, and Whores, and Pimps, and Panders,
Shall be my Theme;--- assist me, *Venus*,
My Goddess, Patron, and my Genius:

Aid me, kind *Tan--r*, *C---m*, and *M--r*,
To shew the Progress of a Whore;
For you can surely best define 'em;
Who search the Outside, and within 'em;

Know

Know each *Arcana*, Creek and Cranny,
From Spring of Youth, to Flood of Granny;
And hear, and ſee, and ſmell, and feel,
Each microcoſmographick Wheel;
Diſcover Secrets with a Pill,
Beyond great *Æſculapius'* Skill.

Aid me, I pray, and I'll return
A grateful Tribute if I *burn*.

I have at leaſt a pair of Dozens,
Of firſt and ſecond loving Couſins,
Shall fall to you a Sacrifice,
And hazard Palate, Noſe and Eyes:
Then give me Leſſons of Inſtruction;
(*So much by way of Introduction.*)

As I from *Powdering-Tub was hopping*,
Sometimes a *Running*, ſometimes *Stopping*;
In melancholy Mood, a thinking,
What *bitter Draughts* I had been drinking,

I ſaw

I ſaw a Caravan of Laſſes,
In various Dreſſes, various Caſes.
One's *Mouth had water'd* many a Year.
For *Morſels* cheap enough —— yet Dear;
For ſhe had cramm'd her ſelf ſo greedily,
As ſhe could not digeſt it ſpeedily:
Another buxom *Bona Roba*,
Had play'd with *Richard*, on a Squab-a;
And there was caught, —— O ſad Diſaſter!
This was reſented by the Maſter;
Richard was kick'd, and ſhew'd the Door,
And She turn'd out, a ſilly Whore.

But there was one who ſeem'd to lack — a Bout;
I ask'd her Name, ſhe told me, HACKABOUT;
And juſt as I began to ſue,
For what, alas, I could not do,
Comes an old Baud, 'twas MOTHER BENT—Y;
Gently, ſaid ſhe, *good Driver, gently*;
What pretty Maidens, pr'ythee, have ye
Brought up to Town? —— *Children, Odd ſave ye!*

My Lady is a noble Counteſs,
And ſome of you may ſhare her Bounties;
On *Hackabout* ſhe fix'd her Eyes,
When Joy was mixed with Surprize,
Reſolving it ſhould be her Care
To catch poor *Polly* in her Snare:
Her Looks, her Air, her Dreſs, her Shape,
Would tempt an Anchorite to Rape;
And *Bent*—*y* always ſold a Thing
For as much Money as 'twould bring.

My Dear, ſaid ſhe, *would you be rich?*
Yes, Madam:—— *Have you learn'd to* STITCH?
Yes, Madam:—— *Can you Waſh and Starch?*
Yes, Madam;—— clean and ſtiff:— *You're arch:*
Why, Madam, I am young and nimble,
Can uſe a Bodkin, or a Thimble;
Can Bake, and Brew, and Spin, and Knit;
Can roaſt a Joint without a Spit;
Can make a Cheeſe-cake, or a Cuſtard;
And Cheeſe, and Butter, Tarts, and Muſtard;

And dreſs you twenty things beſide,
Or roaſted, boil'd, or bak'd, or fry'd;
And from a Squire I have a Letter
Will tell you this, and ſomething better:

This ſaid, ſhe pull'd out her Credentials;
But *Bent--y* wanted her *Eſſentials*,
And therefore could not read the Scroll,
If 'twould have ſav'd her wicked Soul.

My Dear, ſaid ſhe, and ſtrok'd her Chin,
I mind the Letter not a Pin;
Your Looks ſuch Innocence declare,
I love you as my Child, —— *I ſwear*;
And will provide for you, my Dear,
The ſame as I have done for her:
And Truth ſhe ſpoke, for ſhe had been
The Baud to draw her Daughter in,
Till with the Crinkrams *Sib* was rotten,
And by her humble Slaves forgotten;
And only known at *Bridewell* Block,
Smithfield, and *King ſland*, and the *Lock*:

But I muſt leave 'em for a while,
To tell a Farce will make you ſmile.

A Prieſt, whoſe Coat and Sunday-Gown
Had outliv'd Colour, Knap, and Down,
That 'twould not hide a little Flea,
Except 'twas of the Colour Grey;
On ſlow-pac'd *Tit* did Pains beſtow,
To overtake the *Height-Gee, Woo*;
Which ſtop'd a little at the *Bell*,
Whilſt *Hobſon* drank a Mug of Ale.

Young Maids, ſaid Domine, HIS GRACE
The Biſh--p of a noted Place
Has made me promiſe to befriend him
With ſome young Girl, I vow'd to ſend him,
And when this Waggon came in view,
I thought of him, in ſeeing you.

Now ſpeak your Minds; who wants a Place,
And would be glad to ſerve his Grace,

A pert

A pert young Huſſy, by her grinning,
Betray'd ſhe knew an Art in Sining,
Addreſs'd her ſelf to th' ancient Prieſt;
Of ſacred things I make no Jeſt,
But by your Uſe and Application;
I know your End, Sir, —— no Evaſion,
Is not the Girl who takes the Place
To cry, Amen, *when he ſays Grace?*
But to be plain —— I love Plain-dealing,
Has not the Biſh-p loſt his Feeling,
And wants what David *had of old*
A Girl to hug him when he's cold?

Fy, ſaid the Prieſt, *thou wicked Harlot,*
Doſt think that I am ſuch a Varlet,
To be Procurer for a Prel--e,
As vilely thou wouldſt have me relate?
No, I defy thee, wicked Minx,
Such Actions in my Noſtrils ſtinks.

Doctor, your Pardon; you are warm;
In what I ſaid, I meant no Harm;

One Half o'th' World they ſay're Deceivers,
And t'other Half are Unbelievers;
I therefore love to try all People,
To find who's upright as a Steeple;
Doctor, your Virtue I commend,
And ſhall be proud to ſerve your Friend.

Well, Maiden, thou haſt got a Tongue,
Will make or marr thee ere it's long;
I hope the Words which thou doſt ſcatter,
Are like young People's on the Water,
Who rally when they think no Harm,
But ſhew their Wit when Blood is warm:
This Letter is —— I like your Face ——
This is the Token to His Grace:
Be good, my Child, and tell no Lies,
But ſay your Pray'rs, and Catechiſe.

But as he gave her the Epiſtle,
His Beaſt, who fed on Thorn and Thiſtle,
Some Hay eſpy'd, beneath a Load
Of Pans, to keep 'em whole 'twas ſtow'd;

Poor

Poor *Filly* tugs to fill his Jaw,
The Jackall to the Lion Maw;
Down comes the Piramid of Pans,
Broke the Tit's Head, and Vicar's Hands,
And laid 'em both in miry Slough:
(What Plagues the Righteous undergo!)
Ah me! ſaid *Eccleſiaſticus*,
What Fate decreed to ſerve me thus?
If I ſurvive, and get this Croſs over,
I'll be a Stoical Philoſopher.

Had I a Horſe (that play'd his Gambols)
Such as our Dioceſian nambles,
He might have broke my Collar-bone,
Or broke my Neck, it's much at one:
Well, Heaven be thank'd it is no worſe!
I'll make a Bleſſing of a Curſe.

By this time, *Ben—y*, in Diſguiſe,
Had told the Girl a hundred Lies,
And ſwell'd her Vanity and Pride
Too great for *Hackabout* to hide;

And whither ſhould the Baud and Miſs go,
But to the Stallion, *Don Franciſco.*

With muckle Een, like Saucers twa,
He gaz'd, as tho' he'd leek'd her thra;
With his left Hand he tip'd a Broad-piece,
And put his other Hand in's Codpiece:

Said he, *Here's Gold, and precious Stones,*
Girl, take all my Riches all at once.

This ſaid, the *Tarquin* flew at *Hackabout,*
Who ſcream'd, and from him turn'd her Back-about;
But he, as void of Grace as Fear,
Began to charge her in the Rear,
And *Bent*—*y* held her, *Plene dolens,*
Whilſt he o'ercame her *Nolens Volens.*

9 JA 56

Wm Hogarth Inv.

Her being kept by a Jew; an Intrigue in Her Lodging

Sold by E. Dickinson at Inigo Jones's head against Exeter Change in the Strand and by J. Sympson Printseller at the Dove in Russell court Drury lane.

CANTO II.

WHEN *Hackabout* had fully weigh'd
The Value of her Maidenhead,
Its Plague to keep, its Weight to bear,
And how ſhe often to a Hair
Was forc'd to manage it, to keep it,
When it was ever ſo intrepid ;
Pox on't, ſaid ſhe, (an ugly Curſe,
And by the way 'twas ominous,
As ſhe and many-a-one have felt,
Who wiſh in Youth they had been gelt)
Pox on't, ſaid ſhe, 't has learnt to eat,
And now I'll make it earn its Meat ;
This bluſt'ring, hect'ring Colonel Bully
Shall not be long my only Cully.

This ſaid, the Colonel pop'd upon her,
And ſwore he lov'd her, 'pon his Honour :
Love me, ſaid ſhe, *and play ſuch Tricks !*
Huſh ! Child, I keep a Coach and Six ;

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Huſh! Child, I keep a Coach and Six;

My

My Servants, Child, are yours, *Here Betty!*
There, *Beſs*, ſee, that's your worthy Lady;
Let her in ev'ry thing b'obey'd,
And be your Self her fav'rite Maid:
My Buſineſs calls me in the City;
Dear *Poll*, a Buſs; don't pout; good by t'ye.

The Colonel gone, they view each other
With jealous Eyes, they want to ſmother;
Each wants to hear the other's Tale,
If joining Int'reſt might avail;
For each was in the ſame Deſign,
To plunder, or to undermine;
The Fort they did not care to die in;
And *Polly* broke the way by Crying.

Madam, ſaid *Beſs*, I hate to flatter,
But, may my Navel ne'er be fatter,
If e'er my Maſter (hang him) knew
So beautiful a Maid as you:
He flies at all the Game that comes,
From Locket Miſs to ragged Bums.

The Baud who introduc'd you here,
Is the great Devil's Overſeer,
And has as many Imps t'attend her,
As all the Devils in Hell can ſend her;
They catch young Girls to make 'em Whores,
Till all their Body's full of Sores;
Then drive 'em headlong to ſuch Shame
And Mis'ry, I want Words to name.

Said *Hackabout*, all pale and trembling,
Is not this Story all diſſembling?
Can ſuch a Place as this afford
An honeſt Woman of her Word?

Madam, ſays *Betty*, don't miſtake,
I do not preach for Virtue's ſake;
But there's Diſcretion, and Degrees
Of Pleaſure, Liberty, and Eaſe;
I ſhould not care to bed a *Turk*;
Nor ſhould I care at all to work;
I hate and dread the common Stews:
And but for Int'reſt love the *Jews*:

And if you'll be advis'd by me,
(You're but a Novice yet, I ſee)
We'll play ſuch Tricks, and Jadiſh Pranks,
The very Prieſts ſhall give us Thanks,
For we ſhall ſave more Men from Hanging,
Than all their Doctrine and Haranguing;
And bring Intrigue to ſuch a Height,
We'll make 'em virtuous out of ſpite,
And dread the very Name of Whoring,
As little Culls do Bullies Roaring.

Alas! ſaid *Hackabout*, I fear,
This Life at length will coſt me dear;
However, if you will be true,
I'll join my Int'reſts all with you;
Then pray be free, make Propoſitions,
And I'll agree to your Conditions.

What I propoſe is not ſo nice,
As to eſcape the Name of Vice;
It is to Cheat, Delude, and Wheedle,
All but the Conſtable and Beadle;

For they are dang'rous, and muſt be
Oblig'd for nought, and kept in Fee.
And now I think on't, we'll begin
This very Night i'th' Name of Sin:
A *Jew* I know, as rich as *Cræſus*,
From this curs'd Place will ſoon releaſe us:
I'll go directly and inform him
Of you, a Beauty that would warm him,
If he was made of Snow or Ice;
And he'll be eager in a trice
To know your Story, ſee your Face,
And ſomething elſe in proper Place.
This Project, with what you muſt feign,
Will yield me both Revenge and Gain;
For this ſame Son of Circumciſion
Has often ſign'd my own Commiſſion;
But, like a fickle Fornicator,
And Subject fit for keeneſt Satyr,
In one ſhort Week or two he's ſated,
And then his — *Angel* — Saint — is hated:
This might provoke me to rebel,
But, Faith! I love my ſelf too well;

For who the D—l ſhould we bite,
But thoſe who do our Sex no Right:
Beſides, he is no Chriſtian ——— then ———
He's not all o'er like other Men;
Jews clip, and pare —— Dogs! they diminiſh
The Inſtrument that Man does finiſh:
Theſe Reaſons then, put all together,
We ſhould not ſtick in Trifles ——— rather
Be wholeſale Dealers when they cool,
And ſtrip the Knave, and leave the Fool.
Your Part to act is this. ——— I ſwear
To him, that you was under Care
Of Guardians; one, a ſad Curmudgeon,
Abus'd you, which you took in Dudgeon;
And ſo reſolv'd to quit the Place
Where you was us'd ſo very baſe;
Not ſuff'ring you abroad t'appear,
And ſtinted too in what you wear;
Tho' your Eſtate might well afford
You things like Daughter of a Lord;
That here in *London* all your Truſt is
To find ſome one to do you Juſtice;

That you was ſecretly convey'd
To Town, in Habit of a Maid,
And would continue ſo a while,
Till Matters you could reconcile:
And tell him you are from *Northumberland*,
Yorkſhire, or *Lancaſhire*, or *Cumberland*;
No matter which, as long as we
Do in one Story both agree;
Your Voice, and Dreſs, and Country Mien,
Will all conſpire to bring him in;
For Fornicators Impudence
Aims moſt to injure Innocence;
And were they ſure when they betray
An unexperienc'd Girl aſtray,
The Action would for ever damn
Her Soul in *Pluto*'s Brimſtone Flame,
And make her Life a Hell on Earth;
Yet the damn'd Rogue's infectious Breath
He would exhauſt, in Oaths and Lies,
And all that Villains can deviſe;
That he adores the Ground ſhe treads,
Would cut off fifty Giants Heads;

Nay,

Nay, Heads of Kings that ſhould offend her,
When to the Devil he's going to ſend her.

Curſe on the Villains perjur'd Hearts!
Let us like Women act our Parts;
Cheat and defraud the Knaves, and then
Declare 'em Devils in being Men.
Thus Prieſts of *Rome* their Flocks inflame
'Gainſt Proteſtants, the very Name
Is 'nough to call for Fire and Faggot,
To ſhew the ign'rant Zeal of Bigot.

Thus *Beſs* would have her Learner blind
To all the Virtues of Mankind:
But view their nat'ral little Guiles,
Which Women, prompt by wicked Wiles,
With *Argus* Eyes, and bring upon 'em
Ten thouſand Plagues, till they've undone 'em.

Then *Hackabout*, inſpir'd with Zeal,
At what unhappy Women feel,

Vow'd deep Revenge on Man, and ſwore,
To ſeek Revenge ſhe'd be a Whore
To Chriſtian, *Jew*, or *Turk*, or thoſe
Who all Religions did oppoſe.

Betty, ſaid ſhe, loſe you no Time,
But find the *Jew* —— bring me to him.

Bett, like the Chariot of the Sun,
Flew, that the Buſineſs might be done
Before ſhe cool'd, or he return'd,
Whoſe Abſence Woman never mourn'd;
And as the Devil would have it; ſhe
Found all things as ſhe wiſh'd 'twould be;
The *Jew* more eager than he'd been,
To ſacrifice for wicked Sin;
Bid her be expeditious, flee,
Bring me the lovely Soul, ſaid he.
Betty obey'd; they ſoon agreed
To rifle, and remove with ſpeed,
And had the Pleaſure in a Coach,
To ſee the injur'd *Don* approach;

But ere he reach'd his Caſtle, they
Had out of Knowledge made their way,
Whilſt he call'd on the muckle Deel,
To take the filthy Gleeds to Heel;
And bid the Deel gang thra his Sol
If he had not Revenge on *Moll.*
The Son of *Levi* met 'em ready,
At Foot of Stairs, to take his Lady,
And to his Chamber to convey
The luſcious and deſigning Prey.

Over the noted *Wol---n*'s Head,
Between the Chamber-Door, and Bed,
Hung finely painted, *Iſrael*'s King,
With Harp, his Maker's Praiſe to ſing;
Behind him came the Ark returning,
The Loſs of which had caus'd ſuch Mourning.

Moll view'd the Picture, and obſerv'd,
That with ſuch Sights fond Love was ſtarv'd;
And ſaid, It would be better far,
To have King *Sol*, with Harlots, there.

The *Jew* agreed; but mind, ſaid he,
Within ſome ſort it does agree;
David is naked, and each Maid,
You ſee, to view is not afraid;
None ſeems diſpleas'd but's Wife, and ſhe
Fears ſome may long for what they ſee.
Some other Pictures ſhew'd Deſigns
Of Men from Father *Jacob*'s Loins;
But one was odd, and ſomething dark,
'Twas that of famous Dr. *C---k*;
That *Wol---n*'s Phiz ſhould here appear,
No wonder.---But, why *C---k* is there,
Amazes!——*Poll* ſoon found the *Jew*
Her Fool, and ſhe obſerv'd her Cue:
She'd wheedle now, and then ſhe'd rant,
She'd bully then, and then ſhe'd cant;
She kick'd the Table down and broke
The China——this a brittle Joke:
He cool'd a Fortnight after this;
They part; ſhe gives a *Judas* Kiſs:
He goes to change, ſhe changes too,
And takes enough a Lord t'undo.

Beſs likewiſe flies, ſtill loves her Miſtreſs,
For ſhe in ſhifting now her Siſter is;
And *Beſs* had likewiſe here a Cull,
Who kept her Belly and Pocket full;
And uſed thro' the Chamber creep,
When all the Wicked were aſleep.

CANTO III.

NOW *Moll* was Miſtreſs of her Trade;
To Plays, and Balls, and Maſquerade
She flaunted, with a Train and *Betty*,
Exchang'd her Name for that of *Kitty*;
And ſo henceforth we mean to write her.
Now ſhe was grown a little tighter,
And from a printed Linen Gown,
She wore the beſt of Silks in Town;
And thus equipp'd, our Harlots they,
And *Archer Aimwell* in the Play,
Did different Perſons perſonate,
To fling a Lure, or lay a Bait;

Her buying in a Bawdy House in Drury lane, Her being detected by Sir I - Q -

3

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Her lying in a Baudy House in Drury lane; Her being detected by Sir I. C.

9 JA 56

I'th' Evening when 'twas almoſt dark,
Then tript a Round or two i'th' *Park*;
And if no Game was ſtarted there,
They knew the Playhouſe was their Fair,
Where little Beauty, and little Wit,
Wou'd catch a *Templar*, or a Cit;
When at the *Rummer*, *Roſe*, or *Crown*,
They'd try how much he would come down;
And if the Cull would tip a *Yellow*,
He was *a very pretty Fellow*;
If Caſh ran high, *Moll* would propoſe,
Each there ſhould ſtrip off all their Clothes,
And dance the Jig of Paradiſe;
And if the Cole did higher riſe,
A Game at Chuck, a burning Shame!
And twenty things not fit to name.
Kitt would propoſe ---- ſuch Poſtures play,
As thoſe who underſtand the *Lay*,
Confeſs outdid the noted *Sally*,
Or famous *Squab*, or *Dabbey Dally*,
Such Tricks as neither Mother *Lod--e*,
Needham, or Mother *Thom--s*, *Stod--e*,

Or *Ball*, or *C——r* ever heard of,
Tho' the great Deel they're not afraid of:
Afraid of! no —— there's Mother *Needham*,
May by this time have cauſe to heed him,
And fear, and feel him too, for *Satan*
Is the worſt Maſter they can wait on;
For Bauds are Stokers to his Furnace,
And with hot Pokers play at Burn-Arſe.

Now *Hackabout*'s no longer *Moll*,
But Lady, for ſhe touches Qual';
And thought her Title very good,
Not bought, but *in the Right of Blood*:
And thus it was: A Lord who's known
By ſhuffling Gaite, and ſnuffling Tone,
Saw *Moll* at Play, and lik'd her Looks,
And long'd for — *what?* — *Hey Gammer Cooks?*
And ſent his Footman to inform her,
She muſt ſurrender, or he'd ſtorm her;
And *Moll*, not liking War's Alarms,
Sent Word, on honourable Terms,

She'd ope' her Gates, the Fort ſurrender,
But ſhe was very young and tender:
The Articles were ſeal'd and ſign'd;
The Place appointed; *Giblets join'd:*
And *Moll* from this commenc'd a Lady,
Altho' a Ploughman was her Daddy;
If Mother did not ſteal a Leap,
And let one get, and t'other keep.

My Lady *Moll*, on this Preferment,
Put new Phylacteries on her Garment,
Bought a Gold Watch, and *Mecklin* Laces,
For now ſhe underſtood her Paces;
She ſaw how ſilly Peoples Eyes
Were wand'ring after Butterflies;
That Wit and Beauty were but low,
Without the ſilver Trappings too;
That a poor Callimanco Gown,
May trudge a Week for Half a Crown;
When Mantuas, rich Brocades, and Sattins,
Will make a B---p leave his *Mattins.*

Poll's new Gallant, but now her Lord,
Like a great Stateſman, kept his Word;
He ſwore he'd load her Neck and Ears,
With Diamonds bright, as big as Pears;
And give her half a Thouſand Pound,
Before the Sun had gone its Round:
But he forgot it all next Day,
And that he knew her could not ſay;
And what he knew, he ſtrove to ſmother,
With, Ay, and This, and That, and T'other;
Till *Moll*, tir'd out with oft' attending,
Deny'd a Gift, or Money lending:
She ſwore, henceforth ſhe'd ſooner hoard
With a Street-Robber, than a Lord;
And took *James Dalton* to her Arms,
Till *Ketch* depriv'd her of his Charms:
But in Rememb'rance of the Prig,
She kept his Wig-Box, and his Wig;
The Box ſerv'd too for other Uſes,
To hold Machines for broken Sluices;
Such as old *Wildman* did expoſe
To Sale, at Clap-preventing *Roſe*;

But ſtrange it is Men ſhou'd deviſe
A Way to blind or dim their Eyes!
When they would ſee ſome charming Sight;
Or that a Man ſhould e'er delight
To feel fine Wool or Down with Gloves on,
Or muffle when a Ball he ſhoves on;
At Billiards, when he'd hit the Jack,
The Ball would run too hard or ſlack:
A Man in Muffles is a Monſter,
Which any knowing Girl can conſtrue.

Beſides, *Moll* us'd the Wig at times,
In Ringlets, as the Women's Whims
Are, o'er the arched Brow to fix 'em,
Like Tail of Goats in *Wales*, at *Rixham*;
And ſome of ſtrong Opinion are,
She was as bald as *Johnny Parr*;
When ſhe from dreadful *Sally* ſpitting,
Came home, and by an Art in Knitting,
She had ſo wove the Wig, and plaited
It, and with glut'nous Matter matted

The Caul to *what-d'ye-call* the Place,
It look'd and felt as nat'ral as
Th' Original; however be it,
I cannot tell, I did not ſee it.

Moll chiefly ſpent the Day at home;
Therefore let us ſurvey her Room.
The Furniture was of a Piece,
And moſt of its Varieties,
Such as might ſhine in *Greſham*-College,
Amongſt the mighty Men of Knowledge:
A Chair, the Bottom made of Flags,
A Hole i'th' Bottom ſtuff'd with Rags;
Of Linen of a yellow Hue,
The Sight enough to make one ſp——;
Upon the Chair a Baſon ſtood,
Of Urine full, as clear as Mud:
Next that, a —— *Come riddle-me, riddle-my ree,*
Pray tell me what my Riddle ſhall be?
'Twas a black Thing, with a black Hole,
Cock'd up to receive both the Life and the Soul;

It has a broad Arſe, and juts in at the Middle,
The Inſide will make a Man dance to a Fiddle:
In this ſame black Hole, a white Thing was put,
With a fiery Noſe, the length almoſt a Foot;
It flirted, and ſpent, till it ſhorter did grow,
And Moll *put it out, when ſhe'd nothing to do.*

This was a Bottle, in which *Moll*
Had put a Candle, leſt it fall;
For tho' a hundred things would ſtand,
If ſhe but touch'd 'em with her Hand,
A Candle would not, tho' 'twas ſtiff,
It was as dead as *Dover* Cliff.

Upon that very Chair did hang
A Cloke, that merits an Harangue;
But ev'ry Fool can make a Joke,
Or tell one made about a Cloke;
O'er this, two Pictures hung —— O Jade!
A very Devil in Maſquerade;
One was St. *Andrew*'s Doctor, *Harry*,
Who's gone to Heaven, if no Miſcarry

Has happen'd in the way; if ſo,
He ſtill is in the Shades below:
Next him, *Macheath*, as in the Play,
The Hero great of *Johnny Gay*;
Strange Creature this, of Harlots chief,
To join the Doctor with a Thief.
Near theſe, a Rod of Birch was hang'd,
With which full many a Bum was bang'd,
To whip 'em to a feeling Spirit,
Before they enter and inherit.
The high-crown'd Hat, and Windows broke,
Are ſcarce the Subjects for a Joke;
And *Dalton*'s Wig-box o'er the Bed,
On which both Knaves and Fools have laid,
Has been took notice of before:
Poor *Polly*'s Fate we now deplore.

As *Kitty*, her good Maid, and ſhe,
Were drinking Soul-reviving Tea,
Rejoicing at a Watch ſhe crib'd
The Night before, of one that nib'd,

And *Ket* had read a Paſt'ral Letter,
To make their Mirth ſtill more and greater:
Comes ſtern Sir *John*, with all his Officers,
Who look'd like tipling Philoſophers;
Sir *John* behind the Curtain ſtood,
The Sight would done *Ulyſſes* good;
He view'd the *Siren*'s Diſhabil,
Her Shape —— and in Surprize ſtood ſtill;
Her Skin as white as Cream in *Spring*,
Her Air, her Shape, her ev'ry thing ——
Did almoſt ſhake him; but his Zeal
O'ercame his Paſſions; *Let her feel*
(Who ſpoils our Youth) *the Point ſhe merits*;
Hell's Witchcraft with her Charms ſh'inherits:
This ſaid, they ſeiz'd poor *Moll* and *Ketty*,
And dragg'd 'em thence —— O diſmal Ditty!
To beating Hemp an Embrio Rope,
For what can ſuch poor Caitifs hope?

CANTO IV.

HAPPY the Ugly and the Old,
Where Favours are not bought or ſold;
Where no Deceit is in the Wooing,
But *Things* are done for th' ſake of Doing;
Then each has Nature's Recompence,
They act i'th' State of Innocence:
But Beauty beggars, wounds, and kills,
And brings all Plagues and Human Ills;
It makes the Women proud and vain,
And ever brings an early Stain;
And then Adieu to Truth and Honour;
The *Thames* will leave its Courſe much ſooner,
Than Woman once ſeduc'd (if ſhe
Has Charms) from vicious Courſes flee.

Poor *Hackabout!* this was thy Bane,
Thy Wit and Beauty brought thy Stain;
Drove thee from Virtue's Rules, and ſhew'd
The way to be compleatly lewd.

9 JA 56

The Stage at Tuthil Fields Bridewell with the Humors of the Place

Poor *Poll*, in *Quod*, now cries — then ſwears,
Then laughs — and then her *Mecklin* tares,
Curſes Sir *John*, and rails on Juſtice,
And ſees no Soul in whom her Truſt is;
Before her, Bauds, and little Whores,
Are paying off their little Scores,
And make the Place a little Hell;
Some fight, all ſcold, ſome groan, ſome yell;
One ſtamps, then bites his Nails, and grins,
Not in Confuſion for his Sins,
But that he's bar'd from being a Fool,
And to Bauds, Pimps, and Whores, a Tool:
A ſtrange Infatuation, this,
Whoring, the greateſt Plague that is;
Inſlaves its Followers more than all
The Snares in which Mankind can fall.
But I am preaching. —— How is this?
Why, Faith! I'm on a Tpiock. —— Piſs
My Eyes out, if I can forbear
To preach againſt that curſed Snare,
In which I have been drain'd and pickled,
And beggar'd —— then again been tickled,

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And beggar'd —— then again been tickled,

And drain'd again, and ſous'd, and ſtill
To leave the Trade is paſt my Skill;
Tho' I'm exhauſted, and as dry,
As Beef, hung up in Chimney high.
When *Poll* I view'd at Hempen Block,
Brocaded Gown, and laced Smock,
Apron with Fringe, and all that dear is
To make the *Mundus Mulieris*;
Tho' at that time it was a *Quære*,
If ſhe'd not *Noli me tangere*:
I could have ventur'd Plague and Pox,
And all that fills *Pandora*'s Box,
To've had a ſilly ſnotty Pleaſure,
But ſhe, poor Girl, was not at Leiſure.
The Keeper, with a *Nero*'s Look,
Diſtorted Eyes, and Noſe a-crook,
Contracted Brow, and Chin, and Cheeks,
Which ſhew'd he nought but Fury ſeeks,
And that he would not creep or cringe
To *Ate*, Goddeſs of Revenge,
Held up a Pizzle of a Bull,
And thus he ſpoke, of Envy full.

Miſtreſs,

Miſtreſs, you come not here to idle
Your Time —— Put on your Pride a Bridle,
Or this ſame Shoulder-circling Weapon,
Shall let you know under whoſe Keeping
You are --- Work on --- Huſſy --- Blood ! thump,
And work each Finger to a Stump ;
'Twill put ye'n mind of all the Fellows
Such Strumpets daily bring to th' Gallows :
For this ſame very Hemp you beat,
Of ſome poor Wretch, his Life will cheat.

This ſaid, to ſhew his Power, he mill'd her,
'Till Envy, Grief, and Shame had fill'd her,
Which ſhe endeavour'd out to pour,
In various Streams a ſtormy Shower ;
Her Eyes, like Light'ning, darted Flames,
Then Showers of Rain would ſwell the *Thames*,
Came from thoſe Eyes which us'd to kill,
Or wound with Cockatrice's Skill.

Thus Convicts, when they come to die,
Move every Heart, each piteous Eye

Drops

Drops down a Tear, and ſeems to curſe
The Law, which juſtly has its Courſe,
Tho' the poor Wretch muſt die, or we
Can't live in bleſs'd Security:
So far'd it with our Heroine,
It griev'd all Hearts, as well as mine;
Tho' 'twas confeſs'd ſhe did deſerve
To work for Bread, or elſe to ſtarve:
But to be pleaſant —— Cutting Capers
Cur'd *Moll* of *Hippo*, and the Vapours,
Which Idleneſs, and Eaſe, and Tea,
Had rais'd in her to ſuch degree,
She'd yawn, and gape, and ſtretch, and look,
Like Poet, ſtupid o'er a Book;
Ask what ſhe ail'd —— why, you muſt gueſs,
A ſort of —— *Don't-know-how-iſh-neſs*
Had overcome her, and ſhe hopes
A hundred vivifying Drops
In Fountineack, *or rich* Champagne,
Would ſet her Head to rights again:
This was her Caſe, alas! but now
The Keeper's Pizzle, and his Brow,

With

With what he often made her feel,
Made her as lively as an Eel:
Excellent Cure, and cheap, and wholeſome,
Beyond the Drops, or *Peru* Balſam:
Not that I can, or really dare
Preſcribe this Uſage for the Fair;
For firſt, I muſt indulge their Folly,
Tho't often makes me melancholy;
And next, and moſt of all, I fear
Loud Claps of Thunder at my Ear;
For Women ſeldom want their Tongues,
Or are afraid to waſte their Lungs.

Whilſt *Moll* was thumping with her Siſters,
With Hearts of Grief, Hands full of Bliſters,
Comes a gruf Conſtable in charge
Of one who liv'd both looſe and large;
But now with melancholy Mazard,
He found the dire Effects of Hazard,
And from the Dice-box and the Table,
Was brought to work with other Rabble.

All round 'em ſtood a Helliſh Throng
Of Satan's Slaves, both old and young;
Some working, others laughing, others
Curſing the Bauds, adopted Mothers;
Whilſt they, poor ſuperannuated Devils,
Made this a Scene of Helliſh Revels,
And ſwore, drank Gin, and ſpu'd, and then,
Got up and drank, and ſpu'd agen;
The Prologue, Play, and Interlude,
Was all the ſame, they drank and ſpu'd,
And doz'd, and ſnoar'd, and drank, and ſnoar'd,
And then lift up their Heads and roar'd;
And lous'd themſelves, and eat the Lice;
And ſpoke fine things in praiſe of Vice:
But *Moll*, poor *Hackabout*, was mute,
And only ſaid, *Sir John's a Brute.*
And here ſhe lay, none to befriend her,
And only *Ketty* to attend her.

9 JA 56

Her Sickneſs and Death; Diſputes betweeen two noted Quacks

CANTO V.

WHEN outward Wrongs and inward Ills
Attend us, 'tis not all the Pills,
Nor all the Preaching put together,
Will cure a broken Heart —— no, rather
The Violence of our Deſpair
Contributes moſt to eaſe the Care,
By ſnapping ſhort the vital String:
Thus *Poll* at Block, poor harmleſs Thing!
Concludes —— and upon Search can't find
Her Faults (for we to them are blind)
And therefore *Polly* does reſign
Herſelf to Grief, to ſtarve and pine:
This mov'd her Keeper, tho' a Brute,
And ſhe was pardon'd at his Suit:
But Grief had taken Root too deep;
Alas! ſhe dy'd; —— weep —— Siſters, weep:
To ſee her Corps would melt a Stone;
Alive, ſhe melted many a one.

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But ere ſhe went to *Pluto*'s Shade,
By ſage Advice, her Will ſhe made;
And thus it ran:

Imprimis. I my Soul can't leave,
But it leaves me. —— A Negative.
My Body I diſpoſe of thus:
To my Lord ——, that *Incubus*,
I leave my Tongue t' aſſiſt his own,
Both in the Wickedneſs, and Tone;
And then he'll be a Devil compleat,
When now he's but a courtly Cheat.

I leave my Eyes, my Noſe, and Chin,
For a great Trial of Skill in Sin;
And ſhe who can moſt Poſtures play,
In Triumph bears the Bell away.

My Arms and Hands I would beſtow
To Mrs. *Port--r*, but I know
Her own are exquiſitely fine,
Therefore ſhe has no need of mine.

Then take 'em —— *Hen--y*, Orator,
Thou know'ſt the Uſe I leave 'em for;
When thou haſt Advertis'd ——— a Puff,
And People come to hear the Proof,
And thou art founder'd ——— then my Arms
And Hands diſplay'd, will give thee Charms;
And be the Matter e'er ſo dull,
The Hands ſupply the empty Skull.

My Legs and Feet, to Mother *Bent--y*,
Whoſe gouty Pillars go but gently;
Then ſhe, with Satan to attend her,
Will be an univerſal Pander.

My other Goods and Chattels I
Bequeath, as thus--- to *Sp---r Di---*
My Patch-Box, Lip-Salve, and my Paint,
They beautify, and never taint.

My Lodgings, in a little *Villa*,
I leave to beauteous *Vanilla*,

That

That when ſhe ſets the C--t on fire,
She to the Country may retire.

My Bunch of Rods, for Flogging-Cull,
When he is jaded, dry, and dull,
To modeſt *Edm--d Cu-l* I give,
That he in Lech'ry may revive;
With Ballads, and ſome baudy Books,
(I thought to leave to Paſtry-Cooks)
As a Reward for what he's done,
I leave betwixt him, and his Son.

My Baſon, Pictures, and my China,
And Laces coarſe, as well as fine-a,
I give my *Ketty*, as a Friend;
My Cun---s to Sir *John* I ſend;
So fit for them ſure there is no Man,
He hates Quinteſſence of a Woman.

My *Bible*, and *Whole Duty of Man*,
I leave to *Bow--n*, if he can

By them a learned Subject form,
The Duty of Woman, when ſhe's warm;
How far with Nature's Dictates they
May act ——— 'twill be a learn'd Eſſay.

My broken Mug, that wants a Handle;
And Bottle, in which I put my Candle,
I leave to miſerable *Hodgings*,
When ſhe is ſtrip'd, and drove from Lodgings.

My Chair, and Stool, and Urine Catcher,
I give to wicked *Betty That--r*;
The Chair has ſuffer'd ſome Abuſe,
As ſhe knows how, which ſhe'll excuſe.

A Trencher, and a broken Diſh,
In which I fry'd and eat my Fiſh;
A Knife, and Fork without a Handle,
Which was my Save-all for a Candle,
I leave to little *Jenny Wright*,
That ſhe may cut as well as *bite*.

To Mother *Tho--s*, now the oldeſt
Of all the Bauds of Fame, and boldeſt,
I leave my *Cu--d-ms*, fifty Groſs,
And all my Pills, a dozen Doſe;
With this Advice. ——— Get all you can
From that vile perjur'd Creature, Man;
Or fair, or foul, or right, or wrong,
With Hands and Heart, with Tail and Tongue:
And when you've purchas'd an Eſtate,
And baudy Tricks are out of Date
With you, through Riches, Age, and Poxes,
Then build an Hoſpital for Doxies;
Endue it with a handſome Bounty,
And then a Saint the World will count ye,
And fix your Name in golden Letters,
On a fine Table with your Betters:
But ſee you make a cautious Will,
For Overſeers are Men of Skill,
And write themſelves, and all their Friends,
As Patients, for their ſpecial Ends:
Therefore ordain that every Creature,
That comes a Patient for Good-nature,

Shall

Shall prove by good Certificate,
From Quack, or Surgeon, that her State
Has been at leaſt five times a Clap,
And twice a Pox, and could not 'ſcape
With both their Eyes, their Noſe, or Teeth,
And Gums, to chew their Victuals with;
That when they enter in your Houſe,
They muſt be poorer than a Mouſe;
For that has Skin, but theirs muſt be
In Holes, and pox'd to that degree,
That if a Man his *Finger* lays
Within the *Mouth*, and there it ſtays
A Minute, if the Heat ſhould fail
To ſcald or burn his Finger Nail,
Till firſt it cracks, and off it comes,
And broils like Griskin on the Gums,
She's not to be admitted there,
Not worth a skilful Doctor's Care.

Thus all the Idle you'll diſcourage,
And make each Girl a Wit of her Age,

And fam'd for Suff'ring, and for Doing,
Which will make all your Patients knowing,
And fit for Doctreſſes and Nurſes,
Or any other learned Courſes.

Leave other Legacies to th' Poor,
'Twill lay you Bleſſings great in ſtore;
Your wicked Life will not be nam'd,
So much as by a Letcher maim'd;
Your Virtue, Sanctity, and ſo forth,
All round the Town and Country'll go forth;
And you, by this, with Guy may trick
That cunning Friend of yours, Old *Nick*:
So much I leave you as Advice,
And now I leave you ſomething nice.

My chief Utenſil, 'tis a Pan,
That ſearch from *Beerſheba* to *Dan*
You cannot match it for its Uſes,
And yet it ſuffers no Abuſes.
In this my Beef I boil and ſtew;
In this I Sh——, in this I Sp——;

With this I warm my Bed, and I
In this do Bacon and Liver fry;
And when in this I dreſs my Victuals,
The diff'rent Taſte the Palate tickles
To that degree, and ſo ſurprizes
The Eater, that not one deviſes
What Meat it is, and what the Sauce is,
Nor how it's dreſs'd, nor what the Cauſe is;
Yet all in Praiſes of it join,
And ſay it's exquiſitely fine.

My other Goods, five Shoes, three Hoſe,
I leave to *Ketty* in the Groſs.

Further ſhe would have gone, but Death
Appear'd with Dart, and ſtopp'd her Breath;

Tan--r and *C---m*, who in the Room
Waited the Product of Fate's Womb,
Now quarrell'd, who had done his Part
The beſt, by modern Rules of Art.

C---m ſwore both *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew*,
Were all his Mother-Tongues ——— *and ye brew*,
Said he, *a compound Gibberiſh*,
Like Turtle, neither Fleſh or Fiſh;
And how the Plague ſhould ſuch as you
Worth Notice, any Action do;
Ye Bundle of Guts, ye Dumpling Head,
Ye've ſent the Girl among the Dead!

Tan--r, who has as much Aſſurance
As *Iriſhman*, eſcap'd from *Durance*,
Return'd the Language, but with Airs,
Without an Oath ---he never ſwears,
But lies confoundedly (in Print);
On *C---m* he turn'd his Eyes a-ſquint:
Said he, *This Phial---what is in't*
You know no more than Hobby-Horſe;
Yet all Phyſicians are at Loſs
To know by what peculiar Arts,
It rectifies all putrid Parts
Of Humane Nature, and reſtores
A Body ſmooth, tho' full of Sores.

Thus

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Poor Poll the Baud laments full sore
Thy Death since thou canst sin no more
And yonder see another weeping
For why twixt fingers Itch is creeping

The HARLOTS PROGRESS

See on a Stool by Coffin where
Sits unconcern'd Polls Son & Her
The glass goes round while rumina
The pocket picks of amorous A

Thus they in ign'rant Jargon wrangled,
Till dying *Hackabout* was ſtrangled.
In two ſweet *Drury* Siſters Care,
She leaned backwards in a Chair;
Whilſt one her Trunk of Clothes was rifling,
And t'other liſt'ning, *Moll* was ſtifling;
Whilſt wrangling Quacks, and ſtupid Drones,
Were deaf to *Polly*'s Dying-Groans.

CANTO VI.

MELPOMENE, aſſiſt my Muſe,
To ſing the Humours of a Stews,
Where *Hackabout* in Coffin lay,
A Lump of putrifying Clay;
Surrounded with a willing Quire,
The Paſſions, *Horror*, *Fear*, *Deſire*,
Deſpair, and *Melancholy*, *Hope*,
Stood trembling all, no Mouth would ope';
Till each of Tears a Tribute paid
To the dear Relicts, and the Shade.

When

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To the dear Relicts, and the Shade.

When

When a grave pious Man of Crape,
After Refreſhment from the Grape,
Stood up, and giving three good *Hems*,
Said,---- *Should your Tears o'erflow the* Thames,
A Life once loſt it can't reſtore;
Then pr'ythee, Siſters, grieve no more:
She's gone no doubt t' a better Place,
And ſwiftly run a tedious Race;
No Want, or Fear, attends her now;
She ſuffers by no broken Vow;
No Labour, Puniſhment, or Pain,
Diſturbs her Body, or her Brain;
And therefore, as the Saying is, ſhe
Is in a better State than We.

This ſaid, he ſat him down, and groan'd,
And all the Conſort ſigh'd and moan'd:
Her Servant *Ketty* was the chief,
And thus ſhe ſtrove to vent her Grief.

Ah! my poor Miſtreſs, dead and cold,
Her Fellow, Coffin cannot hold;

If ſhe's not happy, what muſt I
Expect, when Fate ſhall bid me die?
So good, ſo honeſt, and ſo kind,
She has not left her Like behind.
Next *Moll Wag--f* lift up her Eyes
And Hands, like Prophet in Surprize,
Then pour'd a Shower of Tears upon
The Corps —— thoſe Tears would melt a Stone;
For many a ſtony Heart they've melt,
Except the Owner of't was Gelt:
Her Breaſts incircled with blue Veins,
That luſcious Life and Love contains,
She beat and tore like frantick Sibyl,
Or *Cromwell*'s Porter o'er his Bible;
Thoſe Breaſts, of all that's ſweet, the Spring,
Would raiſe the Vitals of a King;
What had they done? —— It's true, they fill'd
Women with Jealouſy —— but kill'd
Only the Men —— or ſtruck 'em blind,
As their Preſumption was inclin'd
To view —— or with unhallow'd Hands
To touch what all the Town commands.

The little mournful *Polly Davis*,
Whoſe keeper both a Fool and Knave is;
And weeping *Patty Cooper* ſtood,
Each cover'd with a diſmal Hood,
And Gown of Crape, as Chief of Mourners;
Hence be it ſpoken to their Honours.

Beſs Lemmox ſerv'd the Wine, the Blowſe
Star'd at the Pr--ſt, and knit her Brows;
For he had got the prettieſt Doxy,
And made his F--r do by Proxy,
What would become a nobler Part,
To do with Pleaſure, and with Art;
But ſo it was, the Pr--ſt was eager,
And 'twixt the Fluſhing, and the Meagre,
He made as odd a Figure as
Pinkethman riding on an Aſs;
The Picture repreſents an odd Piece,
His Wine a running in his Codpiece;
Did he that Liquor right convey,
'Twould run much better t'other way;

Refin'd of all the Dregs, and Lees,
It would at once give Life and pleaſe;
But on this Subject he had never
Harangu'd or preach'd, 'twas his Endeavour
To teach, and do to others Good,
Tho' ſtill he was but Fleſh and Blood:
He felt, ſhe grin'd and leer'd, and he
Star'd, and he grin'd as well as ſhe;
And leſt the reſt ſee *this and that*,
He laid a Cover on't — his Hat;
O Hat ſublime! thy Brims have cover'd;
The deepeſt *Thing* Man has diſcover'd;
A Myſt'ry deep, unfathomable,
As Bay of *Biſcay* with a Cable:
And tho' the Pr--ſts have hidden Springs,
They can't diſcover hidden things,
Without the Help of Revelation,
For Reaſon's Rules are now D——on:
But I am no Religioſo;
And, by the way, our Prieſt was ſo ſo,
And mid'ſt his Gifts and Piety,
Did not deſpiſe the *Rem in Re*;

He loſt a Hand---ſhe hates a Finger;
Sir, kill me--- do not let me linger;
A Lark, a taſteful Palate tickles,
But what is that to ſolid Victuals?
Give me a Meal, when Time ſhall offer;
See there that diſmal-looking Coffer;
If that will not your Courage cool,
You muſt be rul'd, let others rule.

This ſaid, ſhe ſhuffled down her Clothes;
Down drop'd the Hat, Hatband, and Roſe;
And poor *Don Piego* ſcarce was cover'd,
When this Inſult was raſhly offer'd:
She ask'd poor *Piego*'s Pardon, leſt
He'd think ſhe took him for a Beaſt,
When he was modeſt and as fearful,
As Children; and as Miſers, careful:
He very ſeldom car'd to *Spend*,
If 'twas t'oblige his deareſt Friend:
He learn'd Oeconomy i'th' *Greek*,
From Pigs who never ſquall or ſqueak,

But to the Dug of Sow apply,
And drink or ſuck when they are dry,
Without extraordinary Emotion,
From baſe Deſign, or from Devotion;
Which made him very plainly tell her,
If ſhe was bedded in a Cellar,
And he ſhould viſit, it would prove,
That he was very deep in Love;
Or ſhould ſhe to a Garret riſe,
Near Heaven to be, or near the Skies,
'Twould be a raiſing of the Soul
Above its Sphere, above its Pole;
When he ſhould come and let her know
She was above, and not below;
And with an implicite Coherence,
She muſt allow Pr--ſts ---'s Vicegerents;
And then, and there ——— and there and then,
He'd ſtrive to act like other Men.

But this Diſcourſe was dull, and dry,
The Girl knew *wherefore, and for why*;

And look'd on this as Pr--ſtly Juggling,
Or Nature with the Conſcience ſtruggling.

The Pr--ſt, who never ſuffer'd thoſe
Who heard his Doctrine, to oppoſe;
Took this as Inſult on his Trade,
And plainly call'd her ſaucy Jade;
She call'd him ſtupid preaching Puppy;
Compar'd him to a Cock that's roopy,
Who neither crows, nor treads the Hens,
Yet plagues them ſtill, without Amends.

They jarr'd awhile, and in Suſpence;
The Whores and Bauds liſten'd from whence
Conqueſt would come —— but being equal,
'Twas a drawn Battle in the Sequel;
And both agreed, with open Heart,
The Burial over, kiſs and part.

The Undertaker, leering, drew
The Gloves on Hands of Madam *Preu*,

That dext'rous Jilt return'd the Leer,
And made him pay for't, tho' not dear;
For as he ſtoop'd, or rather ſtrain'd,
To fit the Glove upon the Hand,
Beholding Babies in her Eyes,
Enough to make his *Humour* riſe,
She ſlily made a Dive in's Pocket,
And of his *Wipe* ſhe bit the Blockhead.

My Dear, ſaid he, and grin'd, and bow'd,
If you'll admit me, I'll be proud,
Amongſt your many Slaves to wait;
Or at your Door, or at your Gate,
In Rain, or Hail, or Snow, or ſhine,
To kiſs this pretty Hand of thine.

Poor Fool! for *Half an Ounce*, or leſs,
He might have kiſs'd her ev'ry Place;
Her Tail he might have kiſs'd, or kick'd it;
Or more, the hungry Dog might lick'd it,
Without a ſtraining Compliment;
But ſtill it ſerv'd her good Intent.

She drew her Face a little back,
Good Conduct in a flatter'd Crack;
And told him he was ſuch a Gent',
His Words no Woman could reſent;
And if he'd keep in modeſt Bounds
That Night, on *Covent-Garden* Rounds,
She'd meet him, and a Glaſs participate,
The Funeral Grief and Woe to diſſipate.

This ſaid, his Wit and Rapture ſtrove
For Maſtery, neither Hand nor Glove,
Was now his Care, 'twas not his Buſineſs,
His Hands a trembling, Head a Dizzineſs,
Had ſeiz'd, with Folly in Exceſs,
The End, let any Body gueſs:
A bellowing Baud, fearing he'd ſwoon,
Came to his Aid with Bottle ſoon,
And gave him ſo much Brandy —— Nancy,
As gave him Life, and rais'd his Fanſy.
The Girls would feign have held the Farce on,
But, interrupted by the Parſon,

They ſat like Mutes, expecting ſomething,
A Parſon ſhould not be a dumb Thing;
And truly he had weighty Matter
Upon his Mind, I hate to flatter.

My Friends, I think the Queſtion's often,
Said he, *if Cover of the Coffin,*
Should be nail'd down, or ſhould be ſcrew'd;
I hate in ſuch things to intrude;
But I've been pondering and conſidering,
While ſome were crying, others twittering,
Which way is beſt —— and ſome Analogy
Should be 'tween things without Apology;
I therefore give my Voice for Screwing,
What in her Life was ſhe a doing.

But ſome will ſay, thoſe that are rich in
Compariſons, Why not by Stitching
Her down, ſhall we not do the better;
Screwing's as old as Hopkins's *Metre?*
I anſwer: Will this Town afford
A Man that ever ſtitch'd a Board?

A clean

A clean good pointed pretty Screw,
Is beſt —— ſpeak every one of you.

At this, they one and all declar'd
For Screwing, tho' they'd ſome Regard.
For Nailing, as it is not done
Without ſome *Knocking*. —— Screwing done,
Her Arms on an Eſcutcheon drawn;
The Pall was neatly fixed on:
Three Spigots in three Foſſets ſcrew'd,
Was th' Arms belonging to her Blood.
The Emblem juſt, tho' 'tis an odd Piece,
At firſt deriv'd from *Harry*'s Codpiece.

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F I N I S.